

to defy King's power. The
earthen
lamp can be replenished and
lighted
again and again, but the star
once
extinguished is lost for ever.
I am
that lost star. Life's days are
mere
tinsel, most trifling of God's
gifts, and
I had to beg for one of those
days
from the King with bent
knees. Let
that one day be not in vain.
Let its
infamous black brows be red
with
King's blood before it dies.
Why do
you not speak, my boy ?
Though I
forsake my place as your
master, yet
have I not the right to claim
your
obedience as your father,—I
who am
«nore than a father to you,
because
father to an orphan ? But
that man
is the most miserable of all
beggars,
who has to beg for love. You
are
still silent, my child ? Then let
my
knees bend to you, who were
smaller
than my knees when you first
came
to my arms.